

THE True Tragedie of Ri- chard the third:

Wherein is showne the death of Edward the
fourth, with the smothering of the two
yoong Princes in the Tower:

*With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example
for all wicked women.*

And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble
Houses, *Lancaster* and *Yorke*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by
William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare
Christ Church doore. 1594.



THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD.

Enters *Truth* and *Poetrie*. To them the Ghost of *George*
Duke of Clarence.

Ghost.

C Resse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta.

Exit.

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes *Poetrie*, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poe. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poe. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poe. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.

Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

After the decease of that forenamed King,
 Yet not contented for to staie the time,
 Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
 And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
 And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
 But since at *Wakefield* in a battell pitcht,
 Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,
 Leauing behind three branches of that line,
 Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
 George of *Clarence*, and Richard *Glosters* Duke,
 Then Henry claiming after his decease
 His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
 Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

Poe. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

Tru. Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies,
 By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
 Since cruelly murthered, by Richard *Glosters* Duke.

Poe. Whose Ghoast was that did appeare to vs?

Tru. It was the ghost of George the duke of *Clarence*,
 Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
 Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
 Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
 By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
 By *Glosters* Duke drowned in a but of wine.

Poe. What shield was that he let fall?

Tru. A shield conteining this, in full effect,
 Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due reuenge:
 Whereupon he writes, *Cresse cruor,*
Sanguis satiatur, sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio: O scitio scitio, vendicta.

Poe. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of *Gloster*?

Tru. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withall,
 Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
 So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
 He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
 Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of *Gloster*:
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins *Truthes Pageant, Poetrie*
Wend with me.

Exeunt.

Enter *Edward* the fourth, *Lord Hastings*, *Lord Marcus*, and
Elizabeth. To them *Richard*.

Hastings. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

Marcus. An honourable age with *Cressus* wealth,
Hourely attend the person of the King.

King. And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King.

Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne thee
(downe.

Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.

King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here,
Can raise me at his pleasure.

But my deare friends and kinsmen,

In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,

And I feele my selfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.

And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise
To meete together is this,

That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men

So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,

Ouercome in the heart of you *Lord Marcus* and *Lord Hastings*

Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,

I leaue it to your discretions.

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both, (you,

That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity betwixt

Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,

That

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That at my last departure you may send my soule
To the ioyes celestiall:
For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,
Your lawfull King after my decease,
May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realme of England.

But (what faith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)
What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition.

Elizabeth. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other:
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both:
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of death,
And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me.

Marc. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the marke his grace aimes at.

Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.

Marc. If thou beest resolute grie vp the vpsnot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses

King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yoong Prince after my decease? (self,
For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my
For these words strikes a second dying to my soule:

Ah

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Ah my Lords, I thought I could haue commanded
A greater thing then this at your hands,
But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,
Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,
Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
And instance of his death.

King. Ah thanks Lord Hastings.

Eliza. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.

King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.

Marc. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then once it shall be said,
I will offend my gracious suffereigne.

King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other your

Hast. With a good will ant like your grace, (hands.
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.

Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their young withall,
But now vpon a leagueance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue
And true friendship for euer.

King. Now for confirming of it here take your oathes.

Hast. If I Lord Hastings falsifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

Marcus. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

B

King.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

King. Confusion.

Now my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at *Ludlo*,
Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,
And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most, (tector,
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Pro-
But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my death,
Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
Still be bountifull in deuotion.
And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
For I am so sleepeie, that I must now make an ende,
And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty God,
My sauiour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my sonne:
And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart.
He that made me saue me,
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

The King dies in his bed.

Enters *Shores* wife, and *Hurfly* her
mayde.

Shorse. O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?
But that thou art fortunate?
Those whom thou fauourest famous,
Meriting mere mercie,
And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,
And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me.
Hurf. Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,
You condemne your selves.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

Shorse. I as she hath aduanced me,
So may she throw me downe:

But Hurfly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurf. Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke man
died.

Shore. Ah Hurfly, my minde presageth
Some great mishaps vnto me,
For last time I saw the King, me thought
Gastly death approached in his face,
For thou knowest this Hurfly, I haue bene good to all,
And still readie to preferre my friends,
To what preferment I could,
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?
Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,
I know his grace would not see me want,
And if his grace should die,
As heauens forfend it should be so,
I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,
But if the King scape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my nest,
That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
I will be throughly prouided for one:
But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings,
How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters Lodwicke.

Lod. Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
To come and speake with him.

Shore. I will Lodwicke.

But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

Lod. I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered
That he long lookt for.

Shore. Lodwicke, how long is it since
He began to mend?

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Lod. Euen when the greatest of his torments had left him.

Shore. But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the Prince?

Lod. The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King would with them.

Shorse. Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

Lod. I but few thought that the agreement and his life would haue ended together.

Shore. Why Lodwicke is he dead.

Lod. In brieft mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life.

Shorse. His life, ah me vnhappy woman,

Now is misery at hand,

Now will my foes triumph at this my fall,

Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake me.

Ah Hurly, when I entertained thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,

When I restored thee thy lands.

Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souereigne,

For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,

To all her enemies.

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,

That all men are vnconstant.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend, Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shore. Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare, Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and offspring of my heart, But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector During the innormitie of the yoong Prince.

Lod. He hath made his brother Duke of *Gloster* Protector.

Shore. Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,

For he could neuer abide me to the death,

No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well,

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant.

Lod. But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,

And thinke well of my Lord,

Who

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

Shorfe. Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot,
For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should oppresse
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.

Shorfe. Thanks good Lodwicke.

Enters a Citizen, and *Morton* a seruing man.

Citi. O maister Morton, you are very welcōme met,
I hope you thinke on me for my mony.

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue it,
With thankes too.

Citi. Nay, I pray sir let me haue my mony,
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I lookt for.

Mor. In faith sir you shall haue it,
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I maruell how you can be so greedie for your mony,
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

Citi. How so vncertaine of mine owne?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

Mor. Why no.

Citi. Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throate?

Mor. No.

Citi. Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?

Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Citi. Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine owne?

Mor. Why sir, by reason the King is dead.

Citi. O sir! is the King dead?
I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

Mor. No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it
Alloone as I can.

Citi. Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,
The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this?

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Mor. Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Then the deereſt friend that euer I had.

Citi. And I for my ſonnes pardon.

Mor. Now miſtreſſe Shore, how fare you?

Shore. Well Morton, but not ſo wel as thou haſt knowne me,
For I thinke I ſhalbe driuen to try my friends one day.

Mor. God forfend miſtreſſe Shore,
And happie be that Sunne ſhall ſhine vpon thee,
For preſeruing the life of my ſonne.

Shore. Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy ſonne, is he well?

Citi. The better that thou liues, doth he.

Shore. Thankes father, I am glad of it,
But come maiſter Lodwicke ſhall we go?
And you Morton, youle beare vs company.

Lod. I miſtreſſe Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming.

Exit omnes.

Citi. There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maim to her credit,
But they ſay, there is my Lord Haſtings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ale of hearts at maw,
Well euen as they brew, ſo let them bake for me:
But I muſt about the ſtreetes, to ſee and I can meete
With ſuch cold customers as they I met withall euen now,
Maſſe if I meete with no better,
I am like to keepe a bad hoſhold of it.

Exit.

*Enters Richard, ſir William Caſſe, Page of his
chamber, and his traine.*

Rich. My friends depart,
The houre commands your abſence.
Leaue me, and euery man looke to his charge.

Exit traine.

Casbie.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Casbie. Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excellency far deserues the name of king then protector,
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all happinesse.

Rich. Ah ycong Prince, and why not I? *(Exit Casbie.)*
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inheritance?
No, I say no: Principalitie brookes no equalitie,
Much lesse superioritie,
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a God,
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes riches,
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer sold but
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it becommeth
A sonne to maintaine the honor of his deceased father,
Why should not I hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?
To be baser then. . . ng I disdaine,
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the Crowne,
And I will weare the Crowne,
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me:
Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight, as my brother *Clarēce*
And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother
As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
No death nor hell shal not withhold me, but as I rule I wil raign,
And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not abide
The sharpest shoute. Why what are the babes but a puffe of
Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,
Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsell,
Ho, whose within?

Enters

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Enters Page and Perciuall.

Perc. May it please your Maiestie.

Richard. Ha villaine, Maiestie.

Per. I speake but vpon that which shalbe my good Lord.

Rich. But whats he with thee?

Page. A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable
The Duke of Buckingham.

Exit Page.

Rich. Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,
Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,
May it be, or is it possible,
Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse,
That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?
Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,
My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,
Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,
Valour brings fame, and fame conqueres death.
Perciuall.

Per. My Lord.

Rich. For so thy letter declares thy name,
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant
That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,
And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,
And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne league,
To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,
I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in practise
To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise,
But whereas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong
Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,
At which instant, we will be both present,
And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie my part,
That ile be more then I am, and not much lesse then I looke for
No nor a haire bredth from that I am,

Aiudge

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Aludge thou what it is *Percinall*.

Per. God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

Rich. What power hath he?

Per. A braue band of his owne.

Rich. What number?

Per. My Lord, to the number of fise hundreth footmen. And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine, and my Lord Hastings.

Rich. Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings.

Per. I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I warrant you.

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuerfie that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in huchters handling, and they not thoroughly friendes, now must I so worke, that that water that drines the mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

Exit Percinall.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King, Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one day, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay ~~sweete Fortune~~, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough. Sirha, who is there?

Enters Page.

Page. My Lord.

C

Rich.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

Rich. What hearest thou about the Court?

Pag. Ioy my Lord of your Protectorship for the most part,
Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

Rich. A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth
But what other newes hearest thou? (terrific.

Pag. This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp
to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Rivers &
Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

Rich. A parlous bone to ground vpon, and a rush stilly knie,
which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs
and set fire on the other.

Pag. It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be
true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches
of *Wales* with a band of men, and as they say, hee aimes at the
Crowne.

Rich. Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare with-
out a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let
me seeke to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slippeth, it is
ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters,
Ile strike whilst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of
Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see
him. And sirra, so follow me. *Exit Richard.*

Pag. I see my Lord is fully resolved to climbe, but how hee
climbes ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will
be thats hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Bucking-
ham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont
to loue one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I
haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how ma-
ny noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne
to the Queene, the Earle of *Westmorland* and *Northumberland*,
are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten I know not. But
what do I medling in such matters, that should medle with the
vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do
beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue them-
selues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken
nipping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my

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tongue grow too wide for my mouth.

Exit Page.

Enter the yoong *Prince*, his brother, Duke of *Yorke*, Earle *Riuers*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Hapce*, sir *Thomas Vaughan*.

King. Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of *Northampton* is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of *Gloster* may rather thinke we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I my selfe giue consent.

Riuers. Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I thinke it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches of *Wales* with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

Vaugh. Why my Lord *Riuers*, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu. I sir *Thomas Vaughan*, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

Gray. We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

Riu. We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

Gray. Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

King. Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord *Riuers*, I thinke it is conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at *Northampton*, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them,

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but if not, leaue them and come to vs with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisſe our companie, and the King himſelfe hath agreed to it, therefore we muſt needs obey.

Riuers. If it pleaſe your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all.

Exit.

King. Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do liue my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will ſo roote out this malice & enuie ſowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the firſt beginners of theſe miſchiefes.

Gray. Worthily well ſpoken of your princely Maieſtie, Which no doubt ſheweth a king-like reſolution.

Vaughan. A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whoſe raigne God long proſper among vs.

King. But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourney towards London.

Riuers. We will attend vpon your Maieſtie.

Exit omnes.

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and *Richards Page.*

Page. Come on mine Oſte, what doeſt thou vnderſtand my tale or no?

Oſte. I faith my gueſt you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but becauſe I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

Page. Why then thus, I ſerue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oſte. I, I know that too well.

Pag. Then this is his graces pleaſure, that this night he will be lodged in thy houſe, thy fare muſt be ſumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vſed friendly and with great curteſie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuer as poſſible may be

Oſte. Why ſir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

Page. Nay more.

Oſt. Nay ſir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

Page.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Page. Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse haue tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste. How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

Page. Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against my Lord, therefore you were best be brieft, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

Oste. Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betraie that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page. Come sir be brieft, there is no remedie, therefore be brieft and tell me straight.

Oste. Why then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

Page. Why then farewell mine Oste.

Oste. Farewell euen the woorst guest that euer came to my house, A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great griefe.

Exit.

Enters the mother Queene, and her daughter,
and her sonne, to sanctuarie.

Earle Rivers speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid,
The sodain sight of *Glosters* Duke, doth make me sore afraid:
He speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enuie much the man,

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your cōpany.

Here enters *Buckingham* and *Gloster*, and their traine.

Rich. Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins nought
but treacherie,

Like *Iudas* thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night,
But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in this plight:
Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?
And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?
Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōg, & must you guide the realme?
Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helmes:
Ile weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,
Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs lasse.

Riu. Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,
Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I haue bene,
Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this sort,
So falsly thus me to condemne, vpon some false report:

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you? (cruel.
Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy

Buc. A brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be num,
He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

Ri. Spekest thou the truth, how dar'st thou speak, for iustice to apeale?
When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale.
A Riuer blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

Riu. A brayd you me as traitor to your grace:
No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.
The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my progeny,
Wher, as in a glas thou maist behold, thy ance'tors & their trechery.
The wars in *France*, Irish cōflicts, & *Scotland* knowes my trust,
When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine armor rust:
How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,
Yea far from loue or kin,
Was this the oath which at our princes death,
With vs thou didst combine?

But

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

But time permits now, to tell thee all my minde:
For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold haue clind.
Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,
Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will run.
My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you: but this,
My honor I will set to sale, let any comman man come in,
And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaile,
Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,
Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner too:
But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorse,
Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your worst. (far,

Buc. My Lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone too
You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war.
Iniurious Earle, I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast giuen,
Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

Ri. But as thou art I leaue thee here,
Vnto the officers custody,
First bare him to *Pomphret* Castle,
Charge them to keep him secretly:
And as you heare from me so deale,
Let it be done immediatly:
Take from our Garrison one whole band,
To guard him thither safely.

Riu. And send'st thou me to common Iayle?
Nay then I know thy minde:
God blesse these yoong and tender babes,
That I do leaue behinde.
And God aboue protect them day and night,
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their right.
Farewell sweet England and my country men,
Earle Riuers leades the way:
Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,
But for my stock & kinred to the Queen, I greatly feare the all.
And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,
The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.

Exit.

Rich.

THE TRVE TRAGEDI

Rich. So now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly, that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say such grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the deuoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope.

Exit.

Enter the yoong *Prince*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Thomas Vaughan*,
sir *Richard Hapc* and their traine.

Hapc. Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heauinesse.

Gray. Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue so great a charge of his grace: and again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

Gray. The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man were he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

Hapc. Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

Gray. Sir Richard Hapc, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue bene vsed by them both, but yet for loue to my prince I wil bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

Enter

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enters *Richard*, Duke of *Buckingham*, and their traine.

Rich. Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

King. Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made haſt, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Rich. Therein I ſhew my humble dutie to your grace, whoſe life I wiſh to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King. Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long liue my gracious Prince.

King. Thankes *Buckingham*, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

Rich. For that cauſe we came.

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how now Lord *Gray*, doo you iuſtle in the preſence of the King? This is more then needs.

Gray. My Lord, I ſcarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

Rich. Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burſt out, No Lord *Gray*, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

King. Why good vnckle let me know the cauſe of your ſudaine quarrell?

Rich. Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord *Grays* venomous raſhneſſe, is growne to ſuch a venomous ſore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead fleſh.

Buc. Lord *Gray*, I do ſo much diſlike thy abuſe, that were it not in preſence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate: but thus and it ſhal like your grace, I areſt, & atache this Lord *Gray*, Sir *Thomas Vaughon*, and *Richard Hapce*, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord *Gray* hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying fauour with your Maieſtie, he thinkes it to be hid.

Rich. Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the diſpight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle *Riuers* is alreadie imprifoned, ſo ſhall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

D

Gray.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we haue authoritie from the mother Queene. And for the delivery of the meny to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therefore your arest & atachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawfull as your quarell is right.

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, in eane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them. A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remains for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shal enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnckle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnckle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secrecie from vs.

Ric. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes, Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter
the

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the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I wil vse my authoritie as I see good.

King. Ay me vnhappie king.

Gray. Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmēt, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all. (*Exit.*

Rich. Go, you shall answere it by law.

Kin. But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely cronatiō?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

Buc. Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

Rich. Richard.

Enter the mother *Queene*, and her yoong sonne the
Duke of *Yorke*, and *Elizabeth*.

Yorke. May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heauines, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrowes. (princes.

Q. Ay me poore husbandles queene, & you poore fatherlesse

Eliz. Good mother expect the liuing, and forget the dead. What tho our father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

Queene. Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation.

Eliz. Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnckles, Earle Riuers, & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

Queen. I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the death of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

Yorke. May it please your grace.

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Queene. A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with my selfe, but who is this?

Enter a Messenger.

York. What art thou that with thy gasty lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

Messen. A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me? My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

Eliz. Then vtter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

Queene. A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

Messen. Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comining vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers, and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

Queene. Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Messen. He remaines at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

Queene. A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

Messen. Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes.

Enter Cardinall.

Queene. But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward.

A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grieve already.

Car. What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Glo-

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ster greets your grace.

Queene. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

Car. The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

Queene. A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life a while.

Yorke. How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Card. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy company.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Card. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queene. Hold, and haue they perswaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Card. Looke on this Letter and aduise your selfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queene. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to perswade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus perswade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Card. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him onely to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall come forth to his happie cronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queene. Why my Lord wil you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Card. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queene. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Card. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could perswade you, twere best to let him go.

Queene.

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Queene. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into your hands.

Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke. Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

Queene. Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord.

Exit.

Car. I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come.

Exit Car.

Yorke. How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cates. What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come, to beare you company.

(Exit omnes.)

Enter foure watch-men. Enter *Richards* Page.

Pag. Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vn-to those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threat-ner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to *Pomphret* Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in Eng-land. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in prison The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in *Hames* Castle. Againe, how well Doctōr Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at *Paules Crosse* yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to *Baynards* Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter *Richard* and *Catesby*.

Ric. *Catesby* content thee, I haue warned the Lord *Hastings* to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cates. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Goto no more ado *Catesby*, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But firrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Pag. I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Goto, looke to it then *Catesby*, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Pag. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lōg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord *Hastings* and the Lord *Standley* their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord *Hastings*, and the Lord *Stannley*, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter *Richard*, *Catesby*, and others, pulling Lord *Hastings*.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother *Queene* hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, *Shores* wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not *Shores* wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If.

Rich. If villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly For by the blessed Saint *Paule* I sweare, I will not dine till I see the

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traitors head, away sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight, & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excuse him.

Exit with Hastings.

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cate. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearest thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King, which I hope shall be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the marke then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Cat. I thanke your grace.

Exit Catesbie.

Rich. Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest: and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

Pag. Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

Rich. I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie and reacheth the starres.

Pag. The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it, increase your honours good liking toward me.

Rich. Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

Pag. Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that thou performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

Rich. Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to

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utter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waigh-
tie for so meane a man.

Page. Yet good my Lord, utter it.

Rich. Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the
yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes vil-
laine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page. My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am
acquainted with one James Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your
honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone
at night you shall speake with him.

Rich. Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we
trust him with that which once knowne, were the utter confu-
sion of me and my friends for euer?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a
poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace,
and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

Rich. Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy di-
ligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy
self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores
wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of Lon-
don, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turnd
out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deser-
ued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made
by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releue her nor pittie
her, and priue spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they
may take notice of them that releues her: for as her beginning
was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous
aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and winne thy maisters heart
for euer.

Enter *Shores* wife.

Shores. Ah vnfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King,
a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy
kindred: Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour
me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affec-
tion: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew
of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee

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knew.

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knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer, shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I haue done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

Enters Lodowicke.

Lo. A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & change the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many think they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

Shore. A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

Lod. A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witness.

Shores wife. Good sir take pittie vppon mee, and relecue mee.

Lod. Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes, But tell me, hast thou no friends?

Shore. Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chiefeft friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But heare thou

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thou, I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee?

Shore. A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

Lod. Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shore. I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me.

Lod. A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more, that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt my selfe, no: for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be scene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in herōicall verse, the shameful end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome.

Exit.

Shores. A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee: In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not haue said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to relecue them. and now none will know me nor succour me: therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

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Enter a Citizen and another.

Cit. No men no lawes, no Princes no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems thwackt with ruffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for fixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had neede to be wise.

Shores. A good sir relecue me, and bestow something vpon me.

Cit. A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-ways haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shore. Yes sir I had friends, but they are all dead as you are.

Citi. Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meant thou by that?

Shore. I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth, by one Shores wife?

Citi. Yes mary had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thought so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat.

Shore. Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy conden. ned sonne.

Citi. Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse, neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. Oneighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, vwhy if thou hadst not, another vwould: and for my part, I vwould he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone.

(*Exeunt.*)

Shore

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Shore. Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fate so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter *Morton* a Seruing man.

Mort. Now sir, who but king *Richard* beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of *Lincolne*, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Casile in *Wales*, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

Shore. A Shores wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruingman, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir relecue me, and giue me something.

Seru. Why what art thou?

Shore. In briebe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

Seru. A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

Enters *Page*.

Shore. Good Morton relecue me.

Seru. What should I relecue my Kings enemy?

Shore. Why thou promist thou wouldst.

Seru. I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him.

Exit.

Page. An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife, will none relecue thee?

Shore. No none will relecue her, that hath bene good to all.

Page. Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fullsome and stinkes.

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Shore. If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

Page. Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shore. Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

Page. Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

Shore. Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethe leaue me, and get thee from me.

Page. And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore.

Exit.

Shore. And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence:

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld.

Exit.

Enter Maister *Terrill*, and sir *Robert Brokenbery*.

Broken. Maister Terrell, the King hath vvritten, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question vvithout offence?

Ter. Else God forbid, say on vvhat ere it be.

Bro. Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly knowv the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I vvvas a seruant to their father being Edvvard the fourth, my heart vvould neuer giue me to do the deed.

Ter. Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, vvhat neede

you

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you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

Broken. A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell.

Exit.

Ter. Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kinde hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

For. Here sir.

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittilesse.

For. I warrant you sir, they are such pittilesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Shuter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

Ter. I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

Forest. Ho Will and Iack.

Will. Here sir, we are at hand.

For. These be they that I told you of.

Ter. Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke vpon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

Will. Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

Ter. Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shed in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For. Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags readie charged, and so suddenly to shoote them both through.

Terrell. No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will.

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Will. Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

Ter. Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

Dout. Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates.

Ter. Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it it done in this order, when they be both a bed and at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

For. Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done.

Exit. Terrill.

Enter the Princes.

Yorke. How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King. A worthie brother, Richard Duke of *Yorke*, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

Yorke. Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detain vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure my selfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

King. No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, vwhat vvas he that vwalked vvith thee in the Gardaine, me thought he had the keyes?

For. My Lord, it vvas one that vvas appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the King, vvhy Myles Forest, am not I King?

Forest.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

For. I would haue said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.

King. Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioy both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enioy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For. No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

King. Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For. One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

King. Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliuer vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For. I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

King. Then come brother, we will go to bed.

For. I will attend vpon your grace.

Yorke. Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

For. Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleepe ile call you vp.

Exit.

Dent. I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will. Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

Dent. Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

Will. I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For. But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

Will. Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

For. I heare they sleep, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake

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no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

Lack. Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe,
kicke vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead
what shall we do with them?

For. Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the
staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is
done.

Vill. Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

Enter Terrell.

Ter. I know now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For. I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

Ter. But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For. I haue conueyd them to the staires foote among a heape
of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more
found againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what
shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King
my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

Ter. I wil go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest,
Will Slawter, and lack Denten, they three haue done the deed.
And so farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham with his
dagger drawne.

Ban. Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

Buc. Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou
hast so vniustly betraied me?

Ban. I desire your grace but giue me leaue to speake.

Buc. I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see
how vniustly thou hast betraied me.

Ban. Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death
to him that harboured your grace.

Buc. Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could
betraie

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betraie me.

Ban. Ah my Lord, my obeyfance to my Prince is more.

Buc. Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinke his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thy selfe readie, and here receiue thy death.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arrest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc. Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild-Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy flie and wicked practises, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham gultie now of his death? yet had not the Bishop of *Ely* fled, I had escaped.

Enters fixe others, to rescue the Duke.

All. Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die: We will take him away by force.

Herald. Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buckingham. Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arrested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in *Brittaine*, and meanes ere long to land at *Milford Hauen* in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place,

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then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reauue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies vpon his knees; to blesse good Richmond in his enterprife, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good in displacing the vsurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham, it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of your deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths. But thou villain, whom of a child I nursed thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraied thy Lorde? Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee. Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele, then when *Excon* turnes the restless wheel. And banne thy soule where ere thou seeme to rest. But come my friends, let me away.

Herald. My Lord we are sorie. But come laie hands on Banister.

Exeunt.

Enter King *Richard*, sir *William Catesbie*,
and others.

King. The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,
And well deseruest thou to weare the same,
That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,
My fearefull shadow that still followes me,
Hath sommond me before the seuerer iudge,
My conscience witness of the blood I spilt,
Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
The fact, a damned iudgement craues,
Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.
Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,

Lochast

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
Is turned now into a fatall wreathe,
Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,
And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
In studient lakes, adrest to tend on me,
If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list..
My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolu'd,
To pace thy soule in vallence with their blood,
Soule for scule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,
That's good, Catesbie.

Cat. You cald my Lord, I thinke?

King. It may be so. But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat. Of what my Lord?

King. Why of all these troubles.

Cat. Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily ouercom'd.

King. How villain, dost thou hope to see me happily ouer-

Cat. Who you my Lord? (com'd?

King. Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd.

Cat. No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King. Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat. Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at *Salisbury* yesterday.

King. Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall out-lie me, to be my head.

Cat. Out-lie you, Lord thats straunge.

King. No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,
And since they hope he shall out lie me, to be my head,
He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels.

Cat. Mary no force my Lord. (*Richmond?*

King. But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry Earle of

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Cat. Not a word my Lord.

King. No: hearest thou not he liues in *Brittaine*,
In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs,
And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from Henry
The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne;
Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

Cat. My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue,
A most famous gentleman.

King. Villaine dost thou praise my foe, and commend him
to my face?

Cat. Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as he is a
foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

King. Whats that?

Cat. Why my Lord, to loose his head.

King. Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then
But more to the strengthening of his title,
She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest daughter,
Ladie Elizabeth.

Cat. Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of *Brittaine*.

King. Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood:
I thinke that accursed sorrerelle the mother Queene,
Doth nothing but bewith me, and hatcheth conspiracies,
And brings out perillous birds to wound
Their Countries weale,
The Earle is vp in Armes,
And with him many of the Nobilitie,
He hath ayde in *France*,
He is rescued in *Brittaine*,
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England:
But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from *Landoyse* the Dukes Treasuror,
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,

He

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
As we haue sleeping curres at home here,
Readie for rescue.

Cat. But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide there,
Considering he is no friend to *Brittaine*.

King. Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of *Brittaine*,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill fare makes open warre.

But who comes there Catsbie?

Ha one of our spurres to reucnge:

The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,

His comming is to vs Catsbie,

Wert not that his life might serue,

For apprehension against our foe,

He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,

But guiltie death without any more ado.

Now Lord Standley, what newes?

Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage into
Brittaine? What answer haue you receiued of your letters?

Enter Lord *Standley*, and his
sonne *George*.

Stand. Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

King. And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Standley. For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

King. Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?
And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?

And what power is with him?

Standley. And please your grace,

His power is vnknowne to me,

Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

King. Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue

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me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into *Brittaine* out of England.

Stand. Not I my Lord.

King. Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

Stand. I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King. Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale,

Stand. And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into *Brittaine*, God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the priuy counsell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her sufficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue pardon.

King. Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan. Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from the court, to my house in the country.

King. Ay sir, that you might be in *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*, then should your Postes passe inuisible into *Brittaine*, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intolerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone then to haue noysome company, he shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe. If not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.

Stand. I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne
George

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept vnto my Prince,
George Standley liues. Well I will except the Kings proffer.
And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne
to pledge.

King. Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.
Thou art set free for our defence,
Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,
Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,
But to preuent his purpose with thy power.
Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue him.
This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue:
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch thee:
And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

Stand. And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell George.

King. How now, what do you giue him letters?

Stand. No my Lord, I haue done:
The second fight is sweet, of such a sonne.

Exit.

King. Carry George Standley to prison.

George. Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison?

King. Shall you go to prison, what a questions that?
So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.
How likest thou this Catesbie?

Cat. Oh my Lord so excellent, that you haue imprisoned his
sonne.

King. Nay now will we looke to the rest,
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute?

Enters Louell.

Lou. My Lord very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent:
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priue to it.

G

King.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

King. God haue mercy Louell, but what said Lady Elizabeth?

Lon. Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first. But through intreatie of her mother, she quickly gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that she meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

King. I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may enrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at *Nottingham*, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

Car. Not a word my Lord.

Enters Messenger.

King. Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

Mess. No my Lord I haue none.

King. From whence comes thou?

Mess. From the Peeres at *Nottingham* and *Scotland*, & they grette your Maiestie.

Lon. Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady *Rosa*.

Car. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page. How saies thou, is it concluded?

King. Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue somewhat to say besides?

King. Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess. This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and *Scotland* met at *Nottingham* together, to confer about the marriage of your Neece, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councell commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of *Oxford* in charge in *Hames* castle, now are they both fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of *Richmond* against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

King.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

King. Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prision so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt too, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetiues, thecues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuersion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his, nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, one beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therfore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his longest home. Come folow me.

Enter Earle *Rich.* Earle *Oxford,* *P. Landoy,* & captain *Blunt.*

Rich. Welcome deare friends and louing country-men,
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,
Reuenge for outrage done to their harmelesse liues:
Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismayd,
Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
For we may know by dangers we haue past,
That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

Oxf. If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
But follow still with resolution,

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Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right:
Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,
Let vs straight to Aarms, & God and S. *George* for vs.

Blunt. As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour inough for mee.

Lan. So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
That if your honour leade the way to death,
Peeter Landoy hath sworne to follow thee.
For if *Queen* mother do but keep her word,
And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
Those famous Houses *Lancashire* and *Yorke*,
Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.
And tis is all Landoyes desires to see.

Richm. Thanks Landoyes, and here Earle Richmonds vows,
If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they haue promised I be made King,
I will so deale in gouerning the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,
Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subiect to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,
As much as euer was the *Romane* state,

When

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

When it was gouerned by the Councels rule,
And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
And neuer leaue to follow my resolue,
Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
That hinder those that long to do vs good.

Oxf. Why we haue scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
Which was his garrison at *Milford Hauen*,
Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
No worthie friends, and louing country-men,
Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,
He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,
Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,
And this is Oxfords resolution.

Rich. But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

Blunt. My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother *Queene*,
And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

Rich. Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters Messenger.

Mess. Long liue Earle Richmond.
The mother *Queene* doth greet your honour.

Rich. Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess. In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariuall safe.

Rich. My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine
that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are re-
ferd to thee to deliuer.

Mess. First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury
sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes
sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas,
and sir Thomas vp Richard, & sir Owen Williams, braue gen-
tlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

Rich. Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess. Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed,

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the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

Oxf. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that *Arnoll Butler* did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes,
And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs:
But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell best,
And how we may be least indangered,
Because I will be foremost in this fight,
To incounter with that bloodie murtherer,
My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
A place I know which you will well deserue,
And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
Shall by in quarters, as our battels scowtes,
Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse,
As also when that our promised friends do come,
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
Till I by call of a counter march,
Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,
Then casting close, as wings on either side,
We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
Therefore let vs towards *Aderstoe* amaine,
Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
From thence towards *Lichfield*, we will march next day,
And neerer London, bid King Richard play.

Exit.

Enters

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enters the *Page*.

Page. Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
And waile the grieve of our sore troubled King?
For now he hath obtaind the Diademe,
But with such great discomfort to his minde,
That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes are gasty,
Hidious to behold, and from the priue sentire of his heart,
There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull cries,
That being with him in his chamber oft,
He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,
For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,
The heavens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered,
Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
For to afright him both at bed and boord,
But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

Enters men to go to *Richmond*.

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men. Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue with him,
For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

Page. Why comes there any more?

Men. A number more.

Exit.

Page. Why these are the villaines my Lord would haue put
his life into their hands.

A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand,
For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a pri-
uate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee aduertisements of
their vniust proceedings. My maister hath listd out many, and
yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne,
but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is hap-
pened.

Enters

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Enters *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Rich. Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my selfe.

Oxf. I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised my father that none shall come but my selfe, therfore good my Lord depart.

Oxf. Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

Rich. Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse my self bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, heere comes my Lord and father.

Enters *Standley* and another.

Stan. Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discerie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

Rich. How fares my gracious Lord and father?

Stan. In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyalty and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich. But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan. Sonne I cannot, for as I will not goe to the vsurper, no
more.

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more I will not come to thee.

Rich. Why then it is bootlesse for vs to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

Rich. Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

Stan. O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

Rich. This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

Stand. Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chieft of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to *Lester*, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in *Bosworth*.

Enters Messenger.

Mess. Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

Stand. Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

Richm. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart, What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

Stand. Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

Richm. And we hardly fve thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe foreward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues the more honourable being obtained. Then forward Richmond, God and saint *George*, for me.

Quisquam regna gaudet, ô fallax bonum.

H

Enters

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

Enters the King, and the Lord *Lonell*.

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleepe I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres comes preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets change their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The filly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauens sits croking for reuenge.
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.
And all, yea all the world I thinke,
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend,
Being alone, I dread the secret foe:
I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be,
Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death:
How wast death I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are,
How came the foe in, preasing so neare?

Where,

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?

All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?
Then vengeance, mischief, horror, with mischance,
Wilde-fire, with whirlwinds, light vpon your heads,
That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.

King. Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood? Now
he is come more need to beate him backe.

Low. Sowre is his sweete that saouours thy delight, great is his
power that threats thy ouerthrow.

King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to
see my friends do flie in flockes from me.

Low. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for
you haue power inough to defend your land.

King. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a sinall
power of stragling fugatiues?

Low. May it please your grace to participate the cause that
thus doth trouble you?

King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to
thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence
villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word
more, if thou doest loue thy life. (Enters Catesbie.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Yet againe vilaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes
the Lord Standley or no?

Cat. My Lord, he answeres no.

King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne
George Standleys head to him.

Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne
left to make Lord Standley.

King. O vilaine vildie, and breaker of his oath, the bastardes
ghoast shall hunt him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild
fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catesbie, fetch George Standly forth,
him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his
headlesse bodie to his fire.

Catesbie. Leave off executions now the foe is heere that
threatens

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threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

Low. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Low. Therein his father greatly iniured him.

King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lo. What tho my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign.

King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Low. In doing true iustice, else we answere no.

King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall past by dint of sword, therefore sirrha go fetch him, Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby. A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am a King alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly together, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

Both. We will my Lord.

King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues.

Exit.

The battell enters, *Richard* wounded, with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie, no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my bodie cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houters aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possesst with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reached for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules.

Exit.

Enters *Richmond* to battell againe, and kils *Richard*.

Enters *Report* and the Page.

Report. How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page. A no, the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and triumphs like a valiant conquerer.

Report. But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page. Slaine is the worthie Duke of Northfolke he, & with him sir Robart Brokenby, Liestenant of the Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

Report. But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page. Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at *Lester*, because

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ne tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the brieue discourse. And how the battell fell then knowe Report, that Richard came to fiede mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce *Achillis* amongst the sturdy Greekes, whom to encounter worthy Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum, and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which continued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound afresh alarme, but worthy Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encounter Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recovered strength. But to be brieue, my master would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

Enter Earle *Richmond*, Earle *Oxford*. *L. Standley*, and their traine, with the Crowne.

Rich. Now noble Peeres and woorthie country-men, since God hath giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thanks vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice shoune in hote encounting of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull loue & perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encounting with the foe, but sorow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuell paie. And louing father, lastly to your self, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thanks for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you.

L. Stan.

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

L. Stan. Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolution in this battell past, hath made thee famous amongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combat them.

Oxf. And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as *Caesar* had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured amongst thy country men, as *Hector* was among the Lords of *Troy*, or *Tully* amongst the Romane Senators.

Rich. How fares our louely mother *Queene*?

Enters mother *Queene* and *Elizabeth*.

Queene. In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murthered in this Tragedie?

Rich. No louely *Queene* your sonne doth liue in *France*, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being sicke and dead, we were inforced to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, provided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with the. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

Queene. Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

Rich.

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Rich. Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thankes to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stand. Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall cease, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

Oxf. Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, *France*, and Lord of *Ireland*, God saue the King.

All. Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of *Nile*. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to thinke vpon your loue. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolute touching my preferred loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

Eliz. Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my selfe to her dispose.

Queene. Then here my Lord, receiue thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree, that this faire Princeesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all,
that

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

Rich. And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more then common loue.

Stan. And now were but my sonne George Standley here, How happie were our present meeting then,
But he is dead, nor shall I euermore see my sweete Boy whom I do loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper
In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

Rich. Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother George will turne in safe to vs.

Stand. A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood, will worke his furie on the innocent.

Enters two Messengers with *George Standley*.

Stan. But how now what noyse is this?

Mess. Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger we haue faued from furie of a tyrants doome.

L. Stan. And liues George Standley? Then happie that I am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage. Welcome my sonne, my sweete George welcome home.

George Stan. Thanks my good father, and George Standley ioyes to see you ioynd in this assembly. And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre then intraged, commanded straight I should be murdered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but they, but they, that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should die. But to be brieft, when both the battels ioynd, these two and others, shifted me away.

Rich. Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content,

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of *Lester*,
Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,
For as of others paines he had no regard,
So let him haue a traytors due reward.
Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
Our pleasure is they be solemnized
In our Abby of Westminster, according to the ancient custom
The two and twentieth day of August next, (due,
Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state.

Mess. Thus Gentles may you heere behold, the ioyning of
these Houses both in one, by this braue Prince Henry the sea-
uenth, who was for wit compared to *Salomon*, his gouernment
was vertuous euery way, and God did wonderously increase his
store, he did subdue a proud rebellious Lord, that did encoun-
ter him vpon blacke health. He died when he had raigned full
three and twentie yeares eight moneths, and some odde dayes,
and lies buried in Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

Mess. A sonne he left, a Harry of that name, a worthie, vali-
ant, and victorious Prince, for on the fift yeare of his happie
raigne, hee entered *France*, and to the Frenchmens costs, hee
wonne *Turwin*, and *Turney*. The Emperor serued this King for
common pay, and as a merfonary prince did follow him. Then
after *Morle* and *Morles*, conquered he, and still did keepe the
French men at a bay. And lastly in this Kings decreasing age, he
conquered *Builen*, and after when he was turned home he died,
when he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares, nine moneths and
some odde dayes, and was buried in *Windsore*. He died and left
three famous sprigs behinde him.

Edward the sixt, he did restore the Gospell to his light, and fini-
shed that his father left vndone. A wise young Prince, giuen
greatly to his booke. He brought the English seruice first in vse,
and died when he had raigned six yeares, five moneths, & some
odde dayes, and lieth buried in Westminster.

Eliza. Next after him a Mary did succcede, which married
Philip

OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Philip King of *Spaine*, she raigne five yeares, foure moneths, and some odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster. When she was dead, her sister did succeed.

Queene. Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age, by whose wise life and ciuill gouernment, her country was defended from the crueltie of famine, fire and swoord, warres, fearefull messengers.

This is that *Queene* as writers truly say,
That God had marked downe to liue for aye.
Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
For peace and plentie still attends on thee:
And all the fauourable Planets smiles
To see thee liue, in such prosperitie.
She is that lampe that keeps faire Englands light,
And through her faith her country liues in peace:
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.
Then England kneele vpon thy hairy knee,
And thanke that God that still provides for thee.
The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
And babies in *lury*, sound her princely name,
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
After her rule was rumord forth by fame.
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.
Twere vaine to tell the care this *Queene* hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre:
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.
Ieneua, *France*, and *Flanders*, hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the Crowne.
For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

FINIS.